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## 04x03 - Starting a Whole New Life

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### 04x03 - Starting a Whole New Life



by **bunniefuu**

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[The episode opens with Ted and Blake exiting a free clinic. Ted looks like he's about to collapse; he appears to be in a state of shock.]

Ted: You obsessed about it, you fantasized about it. You finally hear the news...

Blake: Take a deep breath.

Ted: All you can think about is why me? How could this happen, how could... how can I be... Negative?

Blake: Luck?

Ted: Such a luck.

[He sees a couple over to the side crying over receiving bad news - and Ted's got survivor's guilt written all over his face.]

Blake: So what's next?

Ted: Job, I guess. I became quite adept at cleaning toilets back at rehab. Polished that porcelain so bright you could see your face - before you puked.

Blake: Let me ask you. If you could do anything in the world, what would it be?

Ted: Well - you'd laugh.

Blake: Try me.

Ted: I've always wanted to sing opera. Back in college, I even took some lessons. Instructor said I wasn't half bad. Of course I was paying him.

Blake: So sing!

Ted: What, are you kidding? That was just a dream. What I need is something practical.

Blake: No, what you need is something you love, something that'll make you feel good.

[Emmett, Michael and Brian are walking along Liberty Avenue, apparently coming from the gym. Emmett grabs his own imaginary love handles.]

Emmett: So I've been going to the gym religiously -

Brian: Is that why you were kneeling in the steam room?

Emmett: I gotta get back in shape!

Michael: You look fine, Em.

Emmett: FINE? Just "fine"?! Fine's fine for you two. You each have a husband.

[Brian gives him that look.]

Emmett: Wife? Partner? Passing acquaintance? Anyway, for those of us adrift on the sea of singledom, it's "Sparkle, Neely sparkle!"

[Emmett's journey comes to an abrupt halt when he catches sight of Ted and Blake.]

Emmett: sh*t!

Ted: Oh, sh*t.

[The big showdown is cut with a "high noon" type scene of two gunslingers facing off. They draw. They fire. One of them falls to the ground.]

Emmett: I was think about a little speedwalking, to run up a couple of pounds.

[He bolts in the opposite direction, leaving Brian and Michael to approach Blake and Ted.]

Michael: Ted!

Ted: Michael. Brian. You remember Blake.

Blake: Nice to see you guys.

Michael: So how are you, uh -

Ted: Doing? Great!

Michael: Great! Well, we should get together sometime. Whaddaya say?

Ted: Yeah, sure. Sometime. Gotta go.

[Ted doesn't look too thrilled to see his friends. In fact, he's so eager to get away that even Michael notices.]

Michael: He was acting kinda strange.

Brian: Theodore?

Michael: Maybe he feels like we're judging him.

Brian: I don't know about you, but I am.

[The Pink Posse assembles for a strategy meeting/haircutting session at Daphne's apartment.]

Cody: If we're going to have a recognizable force, we need to have a uniform appearance.

Justin: Wouldn't our presence on the street be more effective if we were less noticeable?

Boy#1: What's the point of doin it, if we don't get some attention.

Cody: We need to look the part so they know not to f*ck with us.

[Just then Daphne comes in. Justin introduces her.]

Justin: Hey Daphne. This is my roommate Daphne. Daphne, this is the group I told you about. The Pink Posse.

Daphne: Oh, yeah! For a minute there I thought you were enrolled in beauty school.

Justin: Daphne and I started the g*y/straight alliance in our high school.

Daphne: I was the straight half. Can I join?

Cody: It's only for q*eers.

Daphne: I thought keeping the streets safe was everyone's concern. Well, I guess I'll grab a straight soda and head to my straight room and study my straight studies.

[After she leaves, Justin speaks up.]

Justin: She's my best friend. Why couldn't she be a part of this?

Cody: Because this is about q*eers defending themselves. q*eers standing up to their attackers. q*eers fighting back. Letting in heteros it goes against the purpose. Now, we patrolling in teams of two. That means Justin and I work together.

Girl: OK, who's next?

Justin: I am.

[It's Justin's turn for a buzz cut.]

[And this scene opens with Michael sitting at Mel and Lindz's kitchen table.]

Michael: Ted's were my best friends, but now I can't hardly known at all. He was so distant.

Mel: Oh, he's been that way with all of us.

Lindsay: Here you go, sweety.

Michael: Thanks.

Lindsay: I meant Gus.

Michael: I haven't exactly been there for him, either.

Mel: Hey, just stop blame yourself.

Lindsay: He's responsible for his own behavior.

Michael: But he needs to know that we're there for him.

Mel: Well, we're making him cookies, aren't we?

[Just then Emmett comes in.]

Lindsay: [hisses] "Ix-nay on the Ed-tay!"

Emmett: It's a nice surprise to see you there. What brings you this parts?

Michael: I was just there to check up on Mel.

Lindsay: Actually, Em - we're making them for Ted.

[Emmett looks like he swallowed a worm.]

Emmett: That's very thoughtful. I'm sure he'll appreciate knowing he has such good friends as you.

[He doesn't mean a word of it, of course. Exit Emmett, in a queeny huff. ]

[At the loft, Jennifer showing Brian office space on the Internet.]

Jen: This one. Has plenty of square footage, offices with excellent views, generous support areas, including a conference room, kitchen, executive washroom and plenty of underground parking.

Brian: Sounds like everything I need. But it's not what I want.

Jen: But it's as nice as Vanguard.

Brian: Kinnetic is not Vanguard. We don't think in a box. We don't live in a box. Therefore, we don't work in a box. Even if that box were the Seagram's building, I don't want it.

Justin: Hey.

Jen: Christ - ! What'd you do to your hair?

Justin: It's called a haircut, Mother.

Jen: I'm just surprised, that's all. It used to be - so beautiful. (Sounds like she could cry).

Justin: Yeah, well, maybe that was the problem. Anyway, we all got them.

(Brian is prowling around, checking out the haircut from all angles.)

Jen: Who's "we"?

Justin: The Pink Posse. We're protecting Liberty Avenue from h*m*. In case you weren't aware, there was a bashing.

Jen: I'm perfectly aware. I'm also aware that you were bashed.

Justin: All the more reason.

Jen: To put yourself at risk? Haven't you been through enough?

Justin: Don't f*cking tell me what to do!

Brian: Take it easy, Timberlake.

Jen: Brian, will you please talk some sense into him?

Brian: Now, now Mother Taylor. Justin's a big boy. He should be allowed to make his own mistakes.

[Jen gathers her things.]

Justin: We'll be in touch.

[She leaves. Brian strokes Justin's head.]

Brian: Your haircut's hot.

[They kiss.]

[We're tortured by a very bad audition of a "Figaro" aria.]

Judge#1: That was very nice. Thank you. We'll be in touched. NEXT!

[in comes Ted!]

Judge#1: You are... Ted Schmidt?

Ted: Uh, yes sir, Ted Schmidt. That's me.

Judge#1: Tell me something about yourself, Ted.

Ted: OK, well, born and raised right here in Pittsburgh. I went to North Allegena High and then I went to Northon...

Judge#1: I meant your singing experience.

Ted: Oh, well, I had a few voice lessons and did some college amateur productions...

Judge#1: I see.

Ted: But I LOVE Opera. It's always were my dream...

Judge#1: So, what are you sing to us today?

Ted: Well, I thoughed I do sing a song from "La Boheme."

[Pause. Ted stares to the judge and waits.]

Judge#1: Perhaps if you gave Oscar your music, he might play while you sing.

Ted: Oh, of course. Sorry. But has to be told to give.

[Ted starts singing as the scene ends.]

[Cut to Vic and Rodney in bed getting all snuggly.]

Rodney: Are you sure she's asleep?

Vic: She chop enough wood down there to keep us warm to winter.

Rodney: You were mine.

[They start make out. But then - Debbie barges in.]

Debbie: Hey! I thought we were going to watch By Love Possessed on AMC!

Vic: But I though yo were asleep.

Debbie: I was just taking a cat nap, so I can stay up.

[She makes herself comfortable on the edge of the bed]

Debbie: You know, when I was younger and a blonde, everybody said I reminded them of Lana Turner.

Vic: That was Shelley Winters.

Debbie: It was Lana f*cking Turner! She and I both had that perfect chin.

Vic: And the t*ts.

Debbie: I've still got 'em.

[Vic manages a weak chuckle. Rodney's not the least bit amused.]

Debbie: So anyway, I thought I'd heat up some of those turnovers from the fridge. What'll it be? Apricot or cherry?

Vic: Apricot.

Debbie: Rodney?

Rodney: Cherry.

Debbie: I put some extra ices on.

[She wants to leave but stops in the doorsteps.]

Debbie: Are you coming?

Rodney: Well actually Deb, I was...

Vic: Just a minute, sis.

Debbie: Sure honey, take your time. Say, you weren't gonna f*ck or anything, were ya?

[She leaves. Vic's exasperated, Rodney's pissed. Vic strokes Rodney's hair; Rodney pulls away.]

Vic: Something tells me the temperature tonight's gonna hit record lows.

Rodney: What makes you say that?

Vic: Cause I'm already feeling a chill. And it's coming from your side of the bed.

Rodney: She never leaves us alone! I thought that when we got together, that we were gonna be a couple, not a threesome.

Vic: What can I do, it's her house?

Rodney: It's your room!

Vic: Well, it's not much better at your place, with your three roommates running around.

Rodney: So I guess we can never be alone.

Vic: We're alone now.

[Vic kisses him, But AGAIN, Deb interrupts by shouting at them to come down because the movie's starting.]

[Ted's condo. Somebody knocks on the door. Ted answers the door.]

Michael: I come bearing cookies. Actually they're from Mel and Lindz. Chocolate chippers, but Gus and I were the official taste testers.

Ted: That's nice.

Michael: We we don't open the crack open the tin and eat them all.

Ted: As much as I'd like to OD on chocolate...

Michael: This time.

Ted: I mean, I'm just on my way out to a meeting.

Michael: Oh! New job?

Ted: Not that kind of meeting. It's my twelfth step.

Michael: Oh. Well, how about dinner? You can meet Hunter.

Ted: Oh, Mel and Linds told me.

Michael: He's a great kid when he's not being a royal pain in the a*s, but he's funny. You'll like him.

Ted: I'm sure.

Michael: So say around seven? Our place?

Ted: I've got my group at rehab tonight.

Michael: Well, what about tomorrow? Or the next day? Breakfast, lunch, dinner? What are you say?

Ted: I'm kinda busy these days, what with my meetings and looking for work and my therapy.

Michael: Ted, I just want you to know that I'm your friend. I was your friend before this happened and I'm your friend now. And I'll be here for you if you ever need anything. No matter what.

[Back to the loft, and also noting that Brian looks extremely hot in that in brown sleeveless T. Justin is donning his Pink Posse shirt, ready to go out vigilante-ing.]

Brian: Is that what the well-dressed vigilante will be wearing this season?

Justin: Cody says it's important that we be recognized.

Brian: Well, you'll be recognizable all right. So what weapon are you packing? A Howitzer or a Bazooka?

Justin: Pepper spray.

[Brian is no longer amused.]

Brian: Armed and ready for action. This Cody's thought of everything.

Justin: I remember when my mother used to refer to you as "this Brian."

Brian: Well, your mom's no fool. She knew her little angel was getting himself into a peck of trouble! She's not wrong this time. You should really go back to school.

Justin: f*ck school. They kicked me out for doing what was right! I don't need them or their diploma. They can eat sh*t.

Brian: Still angry?

Justin: I'm not angry, I'm committed.

Brian: What, to saving the world?

Justin: You saved the world from an evil politician.

Brian: I didn't do it for the world. Stockwell closed down the backroom and forced us to f*ck like boring breeders, so don't start mistaking me for Eleanor Roosevelt. I did what I had to do, for me.

Justin: And I'm doing what I have to do, for me.

[Justin leaves. Brian's not happy, but what can he say?]

[At comic store. Michael shelving comic books. Hunter's there, reading

a comic instead of doing his math homework.]

Michael: You don't read comic books.

Hunter: God, I'm in a g*dd*mn comic book store.

Michael: You should doing your homework and watch your mouth. Holy sh*t!

Hunter: What? What's the matter?

Michael: Did you hear me? I sounded just like my mother.

[Michael grabs a stack of comics, thrusts them at Hunter]

Michael: Here, read as many as you like!

[Vic comes in.]

Michael: Hey, Uncle Vic.

Vic: Hi, Michael. How's goin' Hunter? [no comment from him] As an older g*y man in this world he might as well be invisible.

Michael: He's doing his homework.

Hunter: I don't get f*cking algebra!

Vic: Hey, let's see. Make X into 2 and square and you've got your solution.

Hunter: Ah, I get it. Awesome.

Vic: I was always good at numbers. Especially cute ones.

Michael: You can always count on Uncle Vic to solve a problem.

Vic: Except my own. Do you think Rage could help me?

Hunter: There's somebody you want brought back to life with a blowjob?

Vic: Meaning that every time Rodney and I try to -

Hunter: f*ck?

Vic: Thank you. Your mother -

Michael: Say no more.

Vic: She won't leave us alone. We'd like it to be the two of us, but instead it's always the three of us.

Hunter: Easy solution, dude. Subtract one from three and you've got your problem solved.

Michael: Smartass!

Vic: Well, oddly enough, that was Rodney's solution, too. But Debbie and I have lived together for so long - hell, we'd be an old married couple if we weren't brother and sister. Besides, it would break her heart if I moved out. After all she's done for me. I probably wouldn't even be alive if it wasn't for her.

Michael: She helped you get your life so that you could have a life. You're entitled to that. I'm sure she'd be the first to say so.

[Vic doesn't look so sure.]

[Ted and Blake eat the cookies Michael dropped off.]

Ted: Surprising good for a l*sbian.

Blake: You know you're lucky you have such a good friends.

Ted: Yeah. Well, I guess I better figured out how I'm gonna support myself considering I'm on my last crump.

Blake: What?

Ted: Are you go actually thoughed I got a job from singing? I'll do the audition was a good laugh after I left. As if would anyone hire me...

Blake: I remember you're singing in the shower. You sound pretty good.

Ted: Everyone sounds good in the shower. It's time to put all those romantic notions behind me, and get real.

[The phone to ring... ]

Blake: You weren't answer that?

Ted: It's perhaps Michael wanting do something.

Blake: Remember we talked about avoidance in group?

[Blake gives him a really cute, raised eyebrow look and Ted answers the phone.]

Ted: Hello? Yes. What? Are you sure... I mean, Yes. That's great. Thank you.

Blake: Michael has something do great!

Ted: They wants me to sing. Not Michael, I mean... I got the job!

Blake: Oh my god, that's...

Ted: Unbelievable, insane, a mistake?

Blake: [laughs] It's wonderful.

[They hug... ]

[Brian and Justin, strolling along the streets of Pittsburgh.]

Brian: Save any lives last night?

Justin: We helped some f*cked up club kids get back to their apartment. Helped an old queen change a flat. Other than that, it was pretty quiet.

Brian: Well, that's the thing about being a superhero. The average person thinks it's about stopping two planets from colliding or saving the universe from being swallowed by a black hole, but most of the time it's just your average, run-of-the-mill good deeds.

[They stop in front of a place called "Everhard Spa."]

Brian: This is where I get off.

Justin: Isn't it a little early?

[After kissing Justin goodbye Brian enters the Everhard Spa. And look who's here: the intrepid Jennifer. She seems completely unfazed by the surroundings.]

Jen: This more what you're looking for?

Brian: I've always dreamed of having an office with a drain in the floor.

Jen: Thought you might like it. C'mon. I'll show you around.

[Brian goes around snapping pics. The place has an eerie desolation and an aura of sadness.]

Brian: I miss the old orgy room.

Jen: You could make it a conference room.

Brian: It's perfect! For screwing the competition.

[Ted - in tux, singing from "Paliachi" And as we hear applause for his effort - the lights come up and we discover that Ted is now - a singing waiter! But Ted's secret is out, because Vic and Rodney are at one of the tables...opps. Not that Ted sees them.]

Rodney: Is something in you're spaghetti?

Vic: Do you know who's the singing waiter is? It's...

Mr.Perdutshi: SCHMIDT!

Ted: Yes, Mr.Perdutshi?

Mr.Perdutshi: Table 3 needs more breed.

Ted: Right on the way, Sir.

Mr.Perdutshi: Oh, Schmidt, this was a very nice Paliachi.

Ted: Thank you, Mr.Perdutshi. I thoughed it was well.

Mr.Perdutshi: Excellent choice.
[Quick cut to the next morning - Liberty Diner]

Debbie: Ted? A singing waiter?

Michael: He's serving menu and food in Rigoletto's.

Ben: I hear the place was a blast.

Debbie: Oh honey, it's a g*dd*mn Disneyland. Fake fruits, fake sunsets, fake waiters. No f*cking class at all.

Ben: But what were Vic and Rodney there?

Debbie: Vic and Rodney? At Rigoletto's?

Michael: Mmm, last night. That's how we've heard about Ted.

Debbie: We're supposed to watch the Grand Pricks last night. It's the big d*ck contest.

Michael: We've know, mom.

Debbie: But Vic said that Rodney doesn't feel very well.

[Emmett appears.]

Emmett: Hey boys.

Michael: Hey, Em.

[Debbie wanders away, looking puzzled and miffed. Emmett sits down with Ben and Michael.]

Michael: You know we should all go there for dinner?

Ben: You sure he'd like that?

Michael: Why not?

Emmett: Go where?

Ben: Rigoletto's.

Emmett: The cheesy joint with the singing waiters? Why would we want to go there?

Michael: Ted's one of those singing waiters.

Emmett: Really. So you figured we'd just all go and root him on? Well, be sure to shout "bravo" for me!

[Emmett gets up to leave. Michael follows him outside.]

Michael: Em! Would you slow down? What are you getting so upset for? I'm just trying to show Ted a little support!

Emmett: Well, I'm getting a little tired of your "little support"! The cookies were one thing. Now you're his cheering section?

Michael: He's my friend!

Emmett: In case you've forgotten, so am I!

Michael: I know that!

Emmett: Then you might try considering how I feel.

Michael: What does my friendship with him have to do with you?

Emmett: How could you even say that to me, after what he put me through?

Michael: That's between the two of you! Besides, I can't very well turn my back on him!

Emmett: Why not? He turned his back on you!

Michael: Well, that doesn't mean I should do the same. It wouldn't be fair.

Emmett: Fair? What about being fair to me? Why should I be fair to him or anyone else?

[He leaves Michael standing there with that kicked puppydog look on his face.]

[Debbies house.]

Debbie: Vic, move your a*s down here! We're miss the movie. Why you are still in the sweater? You know it still rains. Get up there and change.

Vic: Sis, do you mind if we skip the movie?

Debbie: What's the matter? Don't you feeling well?

Vic: I'm just feel fine. I just thoughed since it was Rodney's night to volunteer at the hospiz you and I can spend the evening at home. Just the two of us.

Debbie: Just the two of us? We've hadn't that for a long time. We'll play cards. I'll make us some caramel corn.

Vic: Maybe later. Sis.

Debbie: Baby, what is it?

Vic: You know I love you, more than anyone else in the world.

Debbie: Except Rodney. But I understand that!

Vic: Then I hope you'll understand that we've talked things over. We've decided to get our own place. It's time, sis.

[Deb looks like she's been punched in the gut. You can see her struggling to get her emotions under control.]

Debbie: You're damn f*cking right it's time! Hell, I've been waiting for this for God knows how long. Not that I don't love having you here. And not that I'm not crazy about Rodney, but I never have any privacy. I have to close the door every time I wanna go potty and I can't go running down to the refrigerator in my panties.

Vic: You do anyway. We've seen you!

Debbie: Well, now I can do it with nobody watching! So when you going?

Vic: Well, since it's making you so happy, I can go right now!

[He makes a move to get up off the couch. Deb tackles him, then tickles him.]

Debbie: And honey, don't you dare worry about me. I'll be just fine.

[She gives him a kiss. Vic's still puzzled and apprehensive. He doesn't completely buy it but her act is pretty good so he allows himself to be reassured.]

[At cheesy Rigoletto's, the g*ng assembles for bad Italian food - all except for Justin, who's off somewhere playing vigilante, and Emmett, who's off playing wounded drama queen.]

Brian: This Chianti tastes like piss! This pasta's so limp it needs Viagra sauce.

Michael: It doesn't matter if the food's good or not. We're here to support Ted!

Lindsay: So, where is Teddy?

Ben: You sure that he work tonight?

Michael: Yeah.

Mr.Perdutshi: Ladies and Gentlemen, Signore and Signor. We hope you're having a memorial dining experience.

Brian: I'm sure I remember me of this.

Mr.Perdutshi: And to your enjoyments Signor Schmidt.

[He looks perfectly confident and at ease as he begins to sing - until he lays eyes on his "supportive friends" at the front table. He falters and stops singing, then leaves the "stage." Michael follows, of course.]

Michael: Ted, what's wrong?

Ted: Why are you here?

Michael: To cheer you on!

Ted: Did it ever occur to you - to any of you - that if I wanted you here, I would've asked you! If you were really my friends, you would leave me alone.

[Michael gets the kicked puppydog look again.]

[Liberty Avenue - The entire Pink Posse walking down the street. It's shown in slow motion. Cody's smiling. Justin's serious. A car drives by, some guy sticking his head out.]

Guy#1: Hey f*gg*t! Wanna suck my c*ck?

[The Pink Posse rushes over, led by Cody]

Cody: What are you thinking? Get out of the car! Come out!

[Cody kicking the car door.]

Guy#1: Hey, what are you doin'?

Guy#2: What do to my f*ck' car, as*h*le?!

Guy#1: What's your business, f*gg*t?!

Justin: Here is the other f*gg*t. Apologize, you to!

Guy#2: f*ck you, you little c*cksucker.

[Justin gets shoved on top of the car's hood, and all the Posse members jump into the battle. They proceed to pants the idiots. Meaning they hold the two men down and tear off their clothes so they have to escape bare-assed back into the car and drive off. The Posse's cheering, so is everyone else on Liberty Avenue, - and Justin's smiling and laughing.]

[Cut to Brian in the loft - smoking a joint. Justin runs down the sidewalk outside, then comes into the loft.]

Brian: Oh, you're just in time. I was about to go to Babylon.

Justin: Those straight assholes. We turned them into pussies. You should've seen us there.

[He starts taking Brian's jeans off, they share the joint as Brian sits in a chair, Justin straddling him.]

[Cut to Ben and Michael at the gym.]

Ben: Good boy. See those pecs.

Michael: Anytime you want to, big guy.

[Blake approaches.]

Blake: Excuse me, you spot me.

Michael: Actually I was leaving to the showers.

Blake: I'm Blake.

Ben: Ben. Oh, you're Ted's... Michael told me...

Blake: Our story? Look - I know you don't want to hear anything I have to say, but - what happened last night between you and Ted - you've gotta give him some time.

Michael: Thanks for the advice. Now if you don't mind -

Blake: He's trying to put his life back together. There's a lot of things that he's ashamed of and when he sees you, he's reminded of them. You're a reflection of those things that he wants to forget. It doesn't mean that he doesn't care about you.

Ben: We care about him, too.

Michael: Yeah, we just want him to know it.

Blake: He does know it, deep down. Eventually he'll come around. But it has to be on his own terms.

[Michael walks off, still looking rather petulant.]

Ben: I'll spot you if you like.

Blake: Thanks.

[With his muscles and tan, Blake looks like a mini-me version of Ben.]

[It's moving day in Debbie's house. Vic pops his meds]

Rodney: I'll guess it's everything. You're ready?

Debbie: Vic!

Vic: I'm down here, sis. I'll be there in a minute.

Rodney: Take your time. I'm waiting in the car.

Debbie: You won't to take the Twins?

Vic: I thoughed I'll leaving for you.

Debbie: But I'm brough them for you, remember?

Vic: Cause I'm remember.

Debbie: You were so sick we couldn't be out of bed, so I put one on beside you to watch over you.

Vic: I they did. I tell you what. I'll take her, you'll keep him. That way we're have each other.

Debbie: Deal. You've got everything? Wait a minute. Don't forget, there is a big chicken, a couple of baken.

Vic: Jesus, this is enough for an army.

Debbie: But you need this for your new home. Hey, it's sounds like you're never coming back.

Vic: I just thought the only way I'd leave here would be in a box.

Debbie: Well, thank Jesus, Mary and Joseph, that never happened. Now you're walking out the front door with your boyfriend and you're starting a whole new life.

Vic: What about you?

Debbie: In case you haven't notices, I'm all set up for my Rosalind Russell film festival and I've got enough ice cream in the freezer to give every man, woman and child in Pittsburgh a heart attack. So - as soon as you leave, then my new life begins.

[Rodney comes back in.]

Rodney: Ready?

[Vic goes to hug Deb, but she holds him off.]

Debbie: No f*ck' goodbyes. Besides, we all know I'm gonna be over there buggin' the sh*t outta ya in about an hour.

[He hugs her. This time, she lets him.]

Vic: I love you.

[At the loft, Justin's taking a shower, showing us some blond boyass. Brian's stretching against the wall, watching the blond boyass.]

Brian: Coming to Babylon?

Justin: Got other plans.

Brian: Friday night in this nowhere burg, that would either be counting your socks or going to synagogue.

Justin: I've got patrol duty.

Brian: As long as you're working the streets, you should try making a few bucks.

[Justin gets out of the shower and begins toweling off. In the bathroom mirror, Brian notices a long scrape on his back.]

Brian: Where'd you get that?

Justin: Oh. One of those jerkoffs from the other day pushed me. It's nothing.

Brian: This time.

Justin: I can take care of myself.

Brian: How about taking the night off? Even Rage and God get a day of rest.

Justin: I told you, I have things to do.

Brian: Like going out looking for trouble.

Justin: I'm not looking for anything. It comes looking for us. Motherfuckin' straight guys think they can drive down the street, yell f*gg*t out of their car window and we're just gonna stand there and take it like a bunch of scared sissies. As far as I'm concerned, they can f*cking die.

Brian: Glad to hear you're not angry.

Justin: We're protecting innocent people. Standing up for ourselves. What's wrong with that?

[Cut to Babylon. Emmett's dancing with a short Latin-looking guy. Emmett's wearing eye makeup, looks a little tweaked and is clearly in Party sl*t mode.]

Brian: Knows Ben where you are?

Michael: He's working on his new book. He's always done. I can't wait to read it.

Brian: I'll can't wait for the movie.

Michael: Is Justin coming?

Brian: Maybe.

Michael: I'll hear the Pink Posse came to the rescue the night before. Hey Em.

Emmett: Hey Michael.

Michael: How's it going?

Emmett: Just fine.

Michael: You wanna get a drink?

Emmett: No thanks. Ramón and I are busy.

Michael: Maybe later.

Emmett: Later on I'll be even busier. But hey, why don't you call Ted? I'm sure he'd love to get a drink with you.

[Michael looks like a kicked puppydog - again! It apparently works on Brian]

Brian: Why you take some beers?

[Michael leaves. Brian moves in on Emmett, getting between him and his dancing partner/potential trick.]

Brian: Do you mind if I cut in?

Emmett: I'm dancing with someone.

Brian: No, you are.

Emmett: How dare you! Where the f*ck do you get off?

Brian: Save your diva routine for your world tour. Why'd you treat Michael like that?

Emmett: Like what?

Brian: Like he's an insignificant piece of sh*t.

Emmett: What the f*ck business is it of yours?

Brian: Anybody who hurts Michael is the f*ck my business.

Emmett: Well, maybe he hurt me, too.

Brian: By being friends with Theodore?

Emmett: You are the one who told me to forget him. That he's dead. Right here on this very dance floor!

Brian: Well, guess what. Like Jesus and Liza and Judy, he's making a comeback.

Emmett: And everybody wants to give him a standing ovation, just like nothing ever happened.

Brian: Listen to me, Honeycutt. Are you listening?

Emmett: Yes. I'm listening. Don't call me Honeycutt.

Brian: (laughs) Michael is your friend just the same as he's Ted's. But if you force him to choose between you, you're gonna lose him. Oh and by the way, I f*cked Ramon, and his d*ck's the size of a Ticonderoga No. 3. After it's been sharpened. Sorry!

[Meanwhile, Cody and Justin are prowling the streets, looking for trouble. But to their disappointment, trouble seems to have taken the night off.]

Justin: There's not much happening tonight.

Cody: Can't expect to kick a*s every time.

Justin: But last night? Last night was the first time I was ever in a fight and won. For once the f*cking

bullies ran away.

Cody: Nothing like feeling a little power. But it might make things harder. Once they hear we're not afraid to fight back, they might not be so quick to come looking for us. So we'll just have to go looking for them.

Justin: But I thought our job was to protect people here on the street.

Cody: Sure. But why hang around on Liberty Avenue waiting for things to happen when there's a whole straight world out there? Let them see us! And fear us in Jesus' name!

Justin: What the f*ck is that?

Cody: Southern Baptist bullshit. Every Wednesday and Sunday night, I'd be sitting there listening to the preacher telling us how all h*m* were gonna burn in Hell. And I'd be sh1tting in my pants thinking, what if the congregation found out? I'd be kicked out. My parents would hate me. They'd never speak to me again.

Justin: Is that what happened?

Cody: Not before I f*cked Hector Ramirez up the a*s. So - whaddaya say we go flush us out some h*m*?

[He puts his arm around Justin's shoulder and they walk off together, comrades in arms.]

[Everyone takes Brian's advice, except Justin. At Babylon, Emmett makes nice with Mikey, who's brooding at the bar.]

Emmett: So I've been thinking about going blond. Sort of silvery platinum shade Madonna was, pre-Blond Ambition, post-d*ck Tracy.

Michael: I think that's the worst f*cking idea I've ever heard.

Emmett: I knew you would.

[Emmett drags Michael out to the dance floor and they're friends again.]

[Cody continues to instruct Justin in Vigilantism 101.]

Cody: When my dad used to take me birdhunting, the first thing we'd do to flush them out was beat the bushes.

Justin: How do we do that?

Cody: Like this!

[He grabs Justin to kiss him - initially, Justin pulls away. Then they kiss, to the disgust of passing straight people. A guy walking by.]

Man: Christ!

Cody: Excuse me? I thought you said something about my friend and me.

Guy: Yeah. Get a room!

Cody: You have a problem, sir, with our kissing?

Guy: No, you do. You're in the wrong part of town. So why don't you go back to where you belong?

Cody: Last I heard we were still living in a democracy. When did they pass out the pink triangles?

[He gives the guy a shove. The guy shoves back.]

Men: f*ck off!

Cody: You got a problem, as*h*le?

[The guy starts to walk away, but Cody pulls him back. Now the guy is pissed.]

Guy: Yeah. You f*cking f*gs should all get A*DS and die!

Justin: Someone else once said that to me!

[Justin punches the man. Black Screen.]

END OF EPISODE

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